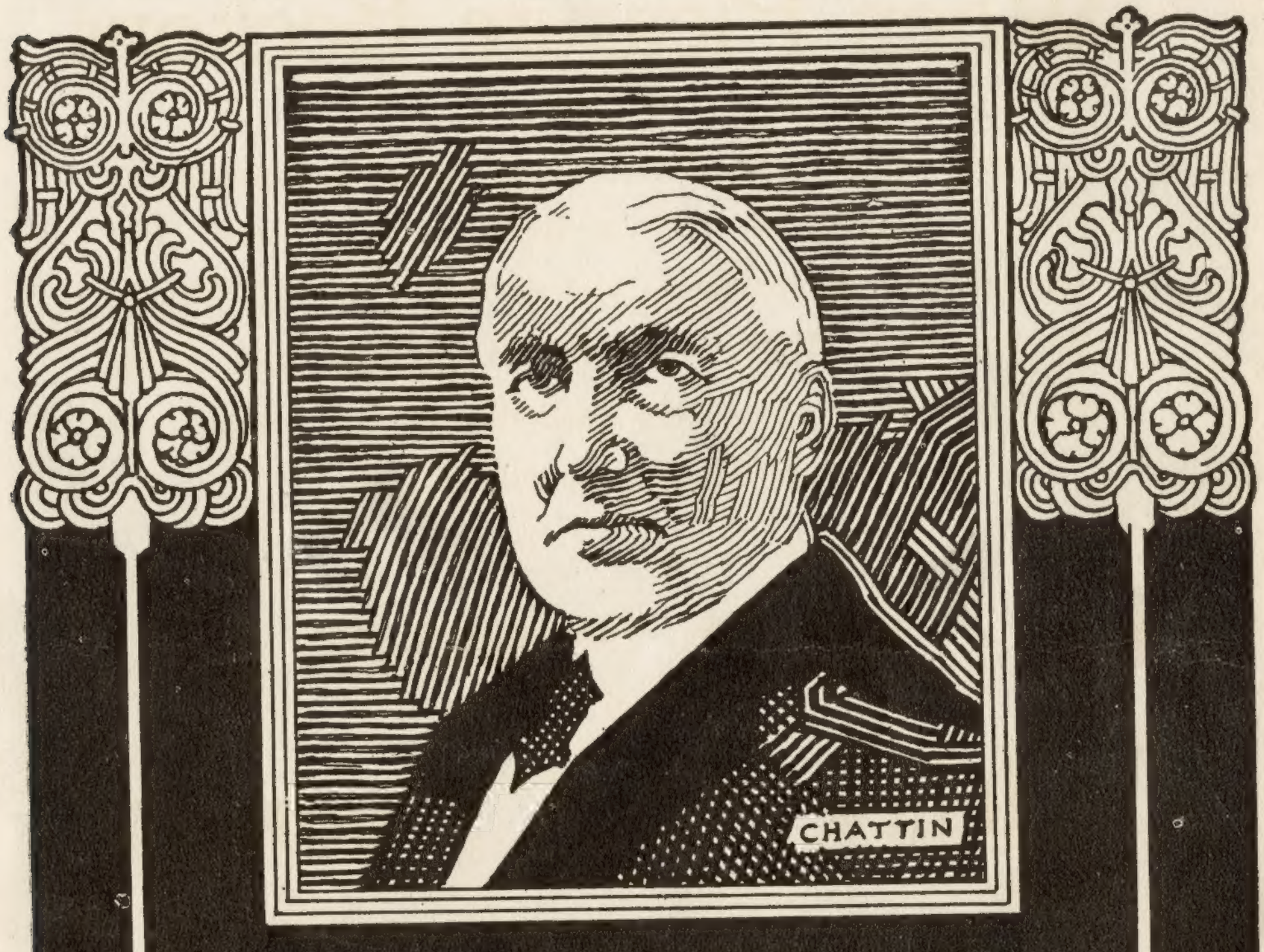
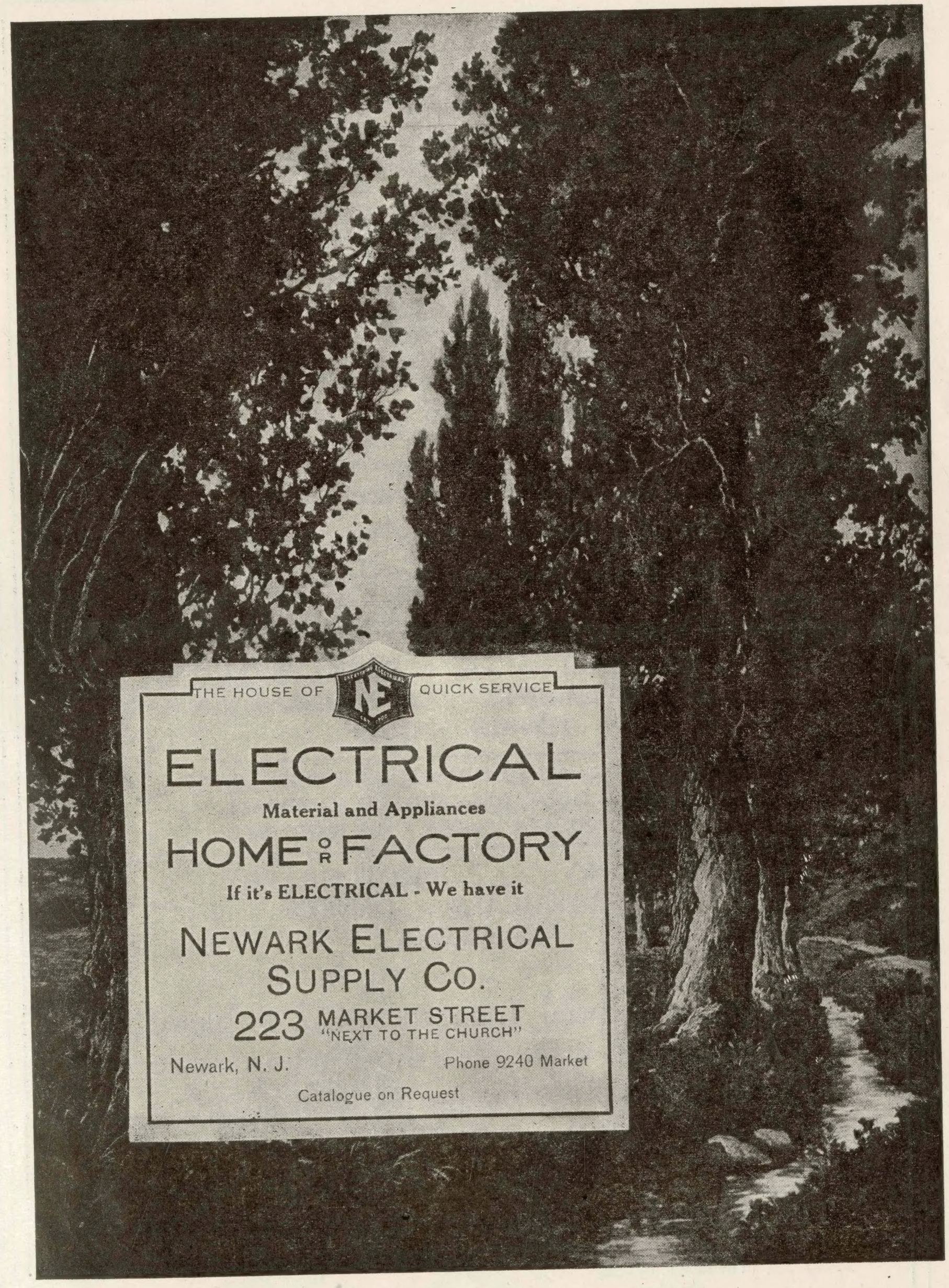
THE ACROPOLIS



WARREN HARDING

NOVEMBER 1920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THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper By the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

November, Nineteen Hundred Twenty

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THE ACROPOLIS

Entered as Second-class matter October 8, 1917, at the post office at Newark, N. J., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF THE PUPILS OF THE BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL. SUBSCRIPTION BY MAIL $1.75 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 20 CENTS EACH. FOR ADVERTISING RATES ADDRESS THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

Contributions are solicited from the students and graduates of this school. All matter intended for publication must be submitted to the editor before the first of the month in which it is to appear. The Acropolis Box will be found in the office and is for the reception of notes and personals.

VOL. XXI. OFFICE: BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL SANCTUM, NEWARK, N. J. No. 3

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NEWARK, N. J., NOVEMBER, 1920

THANKSGIVING.

Once again Thanksgiving time is here; once again we repeat the old customs of those Puritan fathers who emigrated to this country three centuries ago. They were thankful for their successful voyage; thankful that they had at last found a land of religious freedom. They decided, as we often do to-day, that they would celebrate with a great thanksgiving feast, at which both Indians and white men would sit with friendly and thankful spirit.

But now it is our turn to be thankful. What for? For nearly everything. Just think how that little colony has grown, how things have changed, and how this country has advanced.

Most of us never think of nine out of every ten things we should be thankful for. Many people take for granted the privileges and good things that are given them without ever thinking of being thankful. We could go on and enumerate a thousand or more things of national or even worldly interest for which we should be thankful. The World War is over, Peace has been declared, we have been victorious, our boys are back, etc., etc. Or, locally, we are receiving a free education, we have clothes to wear, food to eat, light to see by, etc. But why not make this thanksgiving last throughout the year; why not think a little, instead of looking upon the surface of things, and be thankful for little things in our every-day world? If in the well-known "Glad Game" the word "thankful" were substituted for the word "glad," we think the game would work splendidly. If you have "hard luck," and things are not going well, be thankful that they are no worse, and "grin and bear it." The man who will get the most out of life is the man who sees the optimistic side of it, and who can be thankful for things great and small.

SCHOOL CHILDREN FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE URGED TO PARTICIPATE

An effort to enlist the aid of every school boy and girl in the forthcoming Christmas Seal Campaign soon to be launched by the N. J. Tuberculosis League, is now being made. The four high schools in the city have already responded by interesting the art classes to make posters for the campaign, but if the campaign is to be a success

and the League is to put over its big health program for the coming year, it is necessary that school children sell as many seals as possible. Seals will very soon be distributed throughout the schools and girls' and boys' service clubs are especially urged to supervise these sales and inspire fellow-classmates to activity in diposing of as many seals as possible.

It is essential that every school boy and girl understand that in buying Christmas seals the death rate in any community is lowered, for Christmas seals represent the greatest means the thirty-five tuberculosis organizations located throughout the State have in fighting the Great White Plague, which claims 150,000 lives in the United States every year. An estimate of the work done in the past year by the League shows that it costs less than three cents to start a child on the road to good health—thus rendering that child less susceptible to the ravages of this horrible disease. This is done by means of a unique system called "The Modern Health Crusade," which aims to make the task of keeping healthy a real game to children, and which is finding its way into practically every school in the State. There are 100,000 children playing the health game now and the aim is to have 600,000 children enlisted in it before the end of the coming year.

Although it is shown that children may enlist in the Modern Health Crusade at a minimum cost, if all school children are to be reached it will cost at least $20,000 in order to put this end of the program over. The League, therefore, is looking to the older boys and girls to make it possible for their younger brothers and sisters to join the Modern Health Crusade.

When you buy Christmas Seals you are not only starting a child on the road to good health but you are insuring his future health and happiness. For example, a recent survey conducted throughout the public schools of the city revealed the fact that many of the school children are under-nourished. In order to build up their health the League has secured the co-operation of the Board of Education to open nutrition classes for school nurses, whose work will be to regulate the diet of the anæmic children. The N. J. State Agricultural College is co-operating with the League to the extent of furnishing a nutrition expert to conduct these classes. The nutrition plan is followed up by sending the anæmic children away on summer outings during vacation periods. Last year 964 children were given outings; some going to Roseland and some to Farmingdale, at a total cost of approximately $10,000. Before going away, each child was weighed and measured and given a physical examination to insure that no infection of any kind would take place. All of these children were about six pounds underweight for their height, which means they were very poorly nourished and in need of special attention. How many of these anæmic children are you going to help send away next summer? The number of Christmas Seals you sell will tell.

Every school boy and girl appreciates the fact that during the recent influenza epidemic, there were very poor hospital facilities for taking care of the number of patients, and that a health nurse could not be obtained, in many instances, at any price. Preparedness, which was the big watchword during the war, is also to be considered in peace time—especially with respect to tuberculosis work. The League aims, therefore, to improve its hospital facilities and get more health nurses, so that it will be able to meet any emergency arising in the future.

These are important facts for every school boy and girl to bear in mind:

There are at least 4,000 persons dying annually from tuberculosis.

There are at least 30,000 active cases in New Jersey which need advice or treatment *now*.

The financial loss to the State due to wasted lives, sickness and inefficiency reaches a total of not less than $10,000 annually.

An adequate health program, backed up by the support of school children, makes a healthier and happier citizenship and a better fighting nation.

HONOR ROLL FOR OCTOBER.

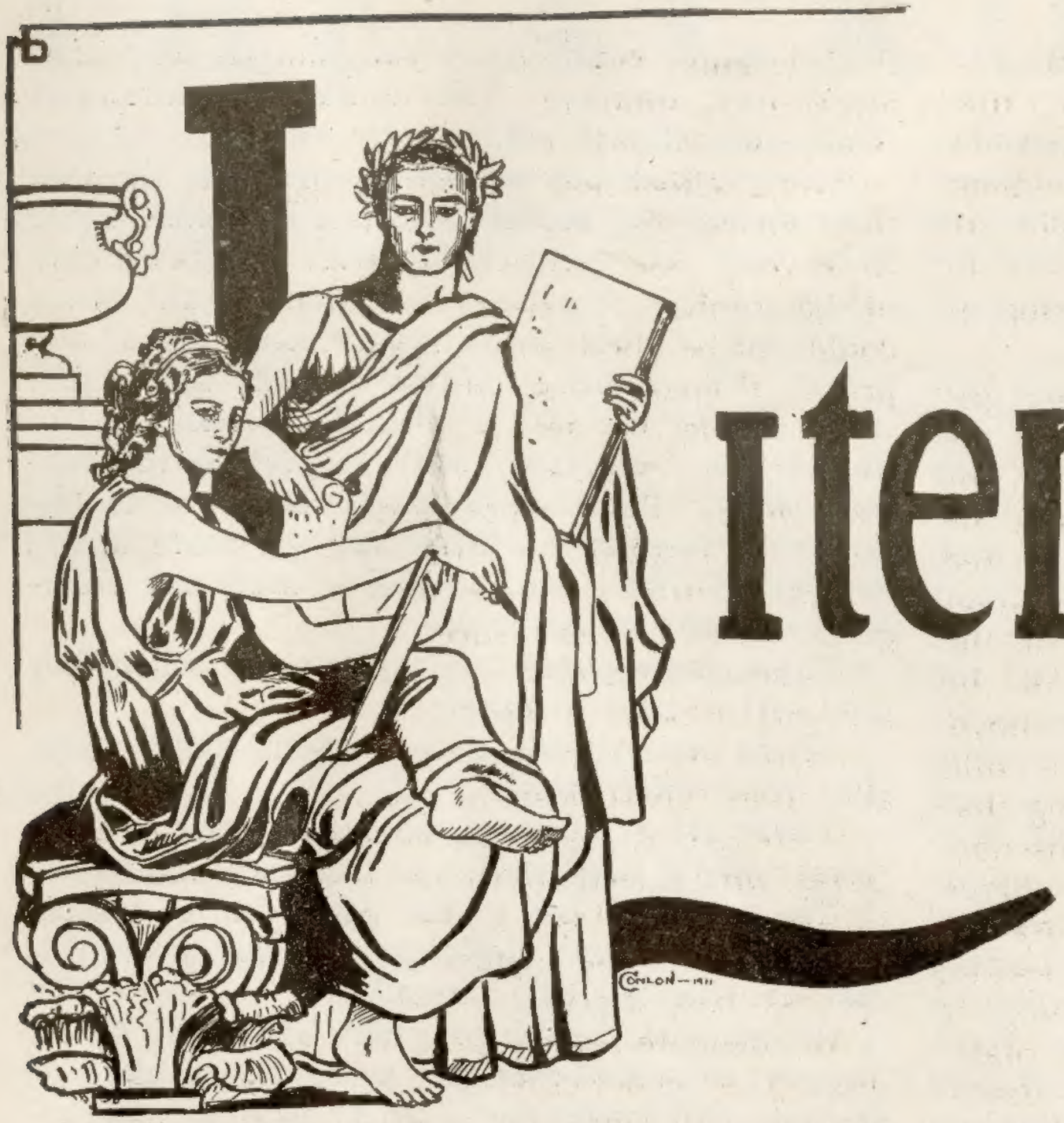
4A Room 22. Freda Carroll, Dorothy Halsey
Room 26. Marguerite Rusby, Dorothy Stone, Louise Urquhart, Florence Schubarth.

4B Room 51. Stuart Blodgett, Constance Carpenter, Margaret Kohn, Irma Lutz, Milton Mankowitz.
Room 55. Annie Dillingham, Helen Finn, Bertha Gordinier, Marian Knight, Joseph Miele, Emma Ziegler.
Room 65. Ruth Gerken, Arthur Hyman, Blanche Nixon.

3A Room 91. Imre Domonkos, Kathryn Elkins, Melita Ahl.
Room 31. Julia Clements, Theodore Rissell, Saul Siff, Eli Silberfeld, Julius Yadkowsky.

3B Room 59. Helen Mawha.
Room 25. Lawrence Burgyes, Ben Cohn, Joseph Flanagan, Fairlie McNear, Vernon Muchmore, Thelma Ruffkess, Henry Venus.

Continued on Page Twenty-seven.



literature

DOROTHY STONE, Ch.
STUART BLODGET
THEODORE SCRIVENER
CLEMENT GOLDEN
ELEANOR REYNOLDS

JERRY

By Dorothy H. Stone.

Dr. Maresse entered the long, sunny hospital ward on his morning rounds. A tall, genial man with a brisk step, an ever-ready smile, and a word of sympathy and cheer for all, he was beloved by patients and colleagues, but most especially by the children, to whom he was friend, hero, and ideal. At the very end of the ward, beside the last of the numberless little hospital cots, Doctor Maresse halted to interview the little boy lying there—a boy who was registered at the hospital as Jerry Di Giovanni.

Jerry was apparently asleep. His head was bandaged, his arm in a sling, his leg in a cast. Jerry was a victim of one of the numerous automobile accidents, and had suffered several broken bones and a bruised head, but nothing serious. He was a handsome boy of about fourteen, the Doctor thought. His black hair and dark complexion showed plainly his heritage from sunny Italy. As the Doctor bent over, Jerry opened his eyes as though a little bewildered; but the Doctor smiled reassuringly as he gazed into their flashing black depths.

"Awake, Jerry?" he asked, "How do you feel now?"

"I'm all right, I guess," replied Jerry, almost under his breath, without responding to the Doctor's smile. There was an air of defiance and mistrust about the boy's dark face that somehow gave the Doctor's heart a sudden and unreasoning pang of pity. Jerry's face was as stolid and inexpressive as an American Indian's might have been.

The Doctor stayed for a few moments and chatted with the boy. But it was a very one-sided conversation, for although he tried to interest Jerry in something he answered only in monosyllables, or vague sentences.

"Yes, he lived on Pine Street," Jerry said. No, his father was dead. He had a stepmother and six stepsisters and brothers. His stepmother worked, and hated him and he hated her in return. It took much skillful questioning to get this much. Of his own thoughts, hopes, likes, or ambitions, Jerry would not tell.

Every day the Doctor saw Jerry. Sometimes just for a minute—sometimes he snatched more time from his busy rush. There was something about this silent boy that drew the Doctor to him. What was it that made him more interested in this boy than in any of the others? Many times he tried in vain to pierce the sullen reserve behind which Jerry hid his thoughts. He often wondered what was going on in the boy's mind. The Doctor knew that this was not a reserve of one who is dull. The boy's eyes belied

that. Jerry's reserve was from deliberate choice.

Another week passed, and Jerry began to grow rather restless under confinement. It was at the end of this week that an unexpected event occurred which lifted Jerry's reserve with the Doctor and started their friendship. This was the advent of Michael.

It was one morning just after Doctor Maresse had reached his office in the hospital when one of the nurses rushed in quite out of breath, so that the Doctor only caught one or two words of what she said. "Dog—up in Ward B—no one knew how it go in—Jerry—bed—won't let it go —rules—hospital—dog."

Wasting no words, Doctor Maresse hastened to Ward B and the bedside of Jerry. The boy had risen to a sitting posture, and beside him on the bed was a young collie dog, licking his hand. Jerry's free arm was around the dog's neck and he was apparently oblivious of everything about him. Jerry's eyes were brighter than usual. He hugged the dog and talked to it incessantly.

The Doctor came closer and sat down beside the boy and dog, on the edge of the bed. He was not quite sure what Jerry might do if the dog were ordered away. He knew how the boy felt, so he said nothing for the present. Jerry raised his eyes to meet the kindly grey eyes of the Doctor. Eyes that understood! And for the first time Jerry knew that here was a true friend.

"This is Michael," Jerry said, caressing the collie affectionately. "Michael is my best pal. Ain't you, Mikey? I was afraid he was lost or something since I came here, and gee but I missed him; but I thought maybe he would find me—he always does. Mike, he's been with me every day since when I rescued him. You see, some boys had him. He was only a dirty little pup then, with his coat full of burrs, but he was all alone and so was I then—nobody wanted me; so I took him. I had a fight to do it"—this with a grin—"but I got him and then I give him a bath and he was just a beauty, with a coat like gold. Michael's my pal, all right." Jerry poured forth this flood of speech with one rush.

Doctor Maresse leaned gently forward and putting his hand on the boy's, said: "I know, Jerry, my boy. Michael is just the best kind of a pal. I had a friend like that myself, once. But, Jerry—Michael can't stay here. Where shall he go? Will they keep him at home?"

"Oh, he hasn't anywhere to go. They won't keep him at home. They never feed him and they aren't good to him. You keep him somewhere, Doctor, please!" Jerry's eyes plead for his friend more eloquently than his tongue.

"Well," said the Doctor, doubtfully, "he can't stay here, and I suppose I might take him. He is a very good dog. Will you trust him with me?"

"Sure, and thank you, Doctor, because then I'll know where Mikey is and you can tell me about him, too, every day." And so Mikey came to live with Dr. and Mrs. Maresse in their little brown shingled home. They grew to love him almost as much as Jerry did. Yes, Michael was a great favorite.

Now, time passed swiftly and Jerry was nearly well again. "I'll be sorry to go," he told the Doctor one night. "There's nobody there that understands like you. There's no friends except, of course, the gang."

The Doctor was interested. "Who are the 'gang' and what do they do?" he inquired.

So Jerry told about the gang—"kids like me, and the son of the saloonkeeper and Red, whose father—sh-h!—was a professional safe-cracker! The gang used to hang together and get into trouble with the 'cops' and hook things, and lying was nothing." It was kind of fun, Jerry said, but Michael didn't like it. Jerry said he knew Michael didn't like it, because his eyes said so and Michael made him feel ashamed sometimes, which the Doctor gathered hadn't happened before.

The Doctor knew gangs the type of Jerry's, and rather suspected that return to one would not do Jerry any good. The Doctor liked Jerry in a way different from that in which he liked any other children, almost as though in spite of many differences Jerry were his son. He didn't want him to go back to the narrow, dirty street where he had lived—where crime and dishonesty were commonplace. There wasn't much of a chance for Jerry if he went back and fell in with the gang, and the Doctor wanted this boy to have a chance. Jerry was an erratic, temperamental boy, who hated inaction and never could sit still, but he was bright and energy was a good thing when rightly used.

It was about ten o'clock that night when the Doctor reached home. In the living room a comfortable fire was burning, for although it was June, it was rainy and cool. The Doctor settled into the comfortable lounge and lit his pipe. Elizabeth Maresse, his wife, came in and sat beside him. The Doctor leaned over and kissed her. Home! How the Doctor loved to sit by his own fire with Elizabeth!

"Do you know, Elizabeth," he said suddenly, "I've got that boy Jerry on my mind. Elizabeth, he's never been outside a city in his life."

"Well?" said Elizabeth, but she smiled.

"You know that next month we are going up to Maine—up to a lake, and woods, and mountains, and freedom, and where will Jerry be? You know where he lives, and the kind of a life he leads there. If just Michael made him want to stop that life, what might not camp life in the Maine woods do for him in a summer?"

"Well," said Elizabeth.

"Jerry——" began the Doctor.

"Jerry," interrupted Elizabeth, "is going to

Continued on Page Thirty-one.

"E Pluribus Unum"

By Stuart Blodgett.

Right at this minute, the subject of greatest interest to the Great American People is not the League of Nations; it is not the Presidential election; it is not the bonus system; it is not any of a hundred other engaging subjects. No. It is "Rent."

Absolutely! Home is no longer where the heart is. It is where the pocketbook can support it. Modern fairy stories no longer have ogres and ghouls in them. Oh, no! A much more terrible monster serves the purpose—the Landlord. Don't be frightened, gentle reader; at this terrible being, for he will not hurt you if you have a big, big bankroll to feed him on, for when he is eating nice, luscious, green bank bills, he is almost harmless. But if you have none of his favorite fodder, then, "Pax vobiscum. Hic jacet gentle reader."

. . . . . .

The Willetts and the Lowries lived in the same two-story house. From this you must not infer that they were in similar circumstances. No, no! For the Lowries owned the house, while the Willetts only rented the second floor for $45 a month. Thus, you can see that the gulf which separated their pecuniary positions was as wide as that which separates Capital and Labor. However, the two families got along together very well, exchanging gifts of food, playing cards together occasionally, and other such neighborly amenities. But on that day hated by debtors and rent-payers—the first of the month—Mrs. Willett found it increasingly more difficult to hand over the necessary forty-five. On such occasions, too, she was mortally afraid that Mrs. Lowrie would have to say, "I'm sorry, but I've got to raise your rent. The increased costs, you know——" But as yet these fateful words had not been pronounced. But the Willets expected them any day and the subject was constantly on their mind. So much so, in fact, that one evening, Mr. Willett, in a burst of that genius which somehow always appears in tight situations, exclaimed, "Ann, we've got to do something to stop the Lowries from raising our rent, and I've got the very plan to turn the trick. You can easily see that our rent cannot be raised unless we are notified. So all we've got to do is to keep them from notifying us!"

"Oh, fine!" remarked Mrs. Willet, sarcastically. "Wonderful! Great! Splendid! Indeed, worthy of your massive brain, your infinite intellect. All we'll have to do will be to bind and gag——"

"Now, wait a minute. Don't fly off the handle so quickly. We won't have to bind or gag them, or do anything else violent. The only thing you'll have to do when Mrs. Lowrie is going to raise the rent on us, is to distract her attention by some means, which I will leave to you to decide on. If she don't tell us on the first of one month, she'll have to wait until the first of the next month, and then when the next month comes around, you can pull another delay. And so on indefinitely! That's my plan. What do you think about it?"

Mrs. Willet, being female and married, was averse to giving any great amount of credit to her spouse, so she only uttered a non-committal "Well——"

"Well what?"

"Well, it might be all right when I think out the way to cause the delay. Then, if it's successful, you'll know that it succeeded because of me, but if it doesn't succeed I'll know that it failed because of you!"

"Yes. That's just like a woman. But never mind. We'll try it, anyway, without deciding who'll get the credit or the blame?"

"Oh, all right."

. . . . . .

The first of the month came around, as it usually does every thirty or thirty-one days. As was her custom, Mrs. Willett went downstairs to pay Mrs. Lowrie the rent.

She paid it, got her receipt, and was going to leave, when Mrs. Lowrie said, "Oh, just a minute, Mrs. Willett. I want to speak to you about the rent. You know that conditions have changed a lot in real estate and rents, and I've talked it over with my husband, and we're both of the same opinion. In fact, we feel justified in what we're going to do. I'm going to r——"

Mrs. Willett, in accordance with her plan, which she had devised, fainted, taking care, however, to faint right into Mrs. Lowrie's arms. She remained sick for the rest of the day and Mrs. Lowrie made no further mention of rents.

Next day, Mrs. Willett was apparently as well as ever. Mrs. Lowrie, noticing her speedy recovery, remarked about it. Mrs. Willett replied, "Oh, yes. I've got a very curious malady. It occurs about the first of every month." She did not say that her sickness was "Rentitis," the symptoms being a shrinkage of the pocketbook and the only remedy a big dose of greenbacks taken every pay day or more frequently, if possible.

The disease occurred with clocklike regularity every first of the month for three months. After that, however, as Mrs. Willet remarked to her husband, "Henry, I just can't do it again. Mrs. Lowrie is beginning to smell a rat. Besides, the last time I fainted I calculated wrong and instead of fainting into her arms, I missed her

Continued on Page Twenty-eight.

"The Old Marble Top Table"

By Eleanor Reynolds.

The Wentworths were a new family in Millersville. Consequently they had met only a few people. Perhaps if Millersville had not been a small town of old New England families, the Wentworths, who had come from Iowa, would have received a more cordial reception. The advances which Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter, Adele, had made in a jolly, middle-western fashion were considered quite improper by the inhabitants of Millersville.

The new family lived in a large white house on the top of the hill, where Miss Mary McKay and her family before her had lived for generations. But pleasant, quiet Miss Mary, the last of a long line of McKays, had been compelled to sell her home and lovely old heirlooms, to live with her married niece. Many years before, it had been rumored around the village that the McKay fortune was dwindling. Then the news had come that the Judge, Miss Mary's father, had put a mortgage on the homestead. The villagers shook their heads when they learned that Joshua Mathews held the mortgage. Joshua and his family, though they were the wealthiest people in town, had a reputation in Millersville for being a bad lot. Joshua himself was a sly, shrewd, unprincipled business man, and it was said that his sons were following closely in his footsteps.

After twenty years had gone by, and the McKay fortune had dwindled to almost nothing, John, Joshua Mathew's youngest son, came to Miss Mary, telling her that the mortgage had not been paid, and demanded that five thousand dollars and the accumulated interest be paid immediately. Miss Mary and her friends believed the mortgage to have been paid. The whole village had searched for the receipt. But their search was vain. Gossip said that the Judge, with his queer ways, had in some way destroyed or burned it. But that didn't prevent Miss Mary from being homeless. Fortunately her niece was willing to have Miss Mary live with her. Miss Mary took her great misfortune cheerfully and went about the village as pleasant as ever. The townspeople had loved the old family so much that it seemed to them that the new occupants of the great house were intruders. Even Adele and the younger members of the Wentworth household were not admitted into the circle of young people, as otherwise the naturally popular Adele would have been. It hurt Adele and made her homesick for the gay good times of the middle-western town. Adele thought the New Englanders were cold and heartless. She didn't know the story of how Miss Mary, loved by young and old, had been turned out of her ancestral home. If she had understood, perhaps, she would have thought that the young people of Millersville were as gay as those of her own Iowa town.

Mrs. Wentworth, at the death of her husband, had moved to New England with her three children, so that she might be near her only brother, who, with his sister, was the last of a large family of children. She had sold all her furniture before coming to Millersville, because of the difficulty and expense of moving. Adele was taking an arts course in the high school and was very much interested in the furnishing of their new home. So Mrs. Wentworth had given her only daughter free rein in choosing their new furniture. The only piece of furniture the mother herself had selected and purchased without Adele's aid was an old marble-top table, which she had bought from Miss Mary. Adele liked the little spindle legs and everything about the table except the marble top.

"Mother, that table is a sight. Why can't we put the top in the kitchen? That marble slab is just the thing for candy-making. Then we can put on a new top. I can just see that table with a mahogany top, covered with a small runner of cretonne or tapestry. It would be just right for the hall."

"But, Adele, the marble top gives it such an antique look and it just belongs to this house. I can't understand why you want it changed so badly. I am perfectly willing to give up to most of your notions about art and house decorating which you have gained at school, but not this time, my dear."

That night Mrs. Wentworth couldn't sleep. As she said afterward, her conscience was troubling her. She wondered if she had been right in not giving up to Adele's taste; the table was not really pretty as it was. She knew perfectly well that she had been firm about the table only to show Adele that her mother still had some authority. Adele was so lonely now. Possibly the fixing up of the house would divert her mind from the thought of her old chums. Yes, she would give Adele permission to modernize the table. With this comforting thought she went to sleep.

But in the morning the village had something to gossip about, and Mrs. Wentworth soon forgot the table. She had planned to give Adele her consent for renovating the table when she came home from school. About ten o'clock Miss Mary McKay called. In the friendliest manner possible she talked with Mrs. Wentworth, even confiding to her some of her own girlish prank:

Continued on Page Twenty-eight.

MARY MARGARET BARR, Ch.
ANNE DILLINGHAM
JEAN MUCHMORE

JEAN MORRILL
IMRE DOMONKOS

The Thalians

The Thalians are again taking an "active" part in the life of the school and throughout the term the existence of this progressive and entertaining society will afford much amusement to every one. The 1B's are urged to become members of this the one dramatic society in Barringer, for here their talents in that art are fully appreciated and developed.

On October 20, a meeting was held in room 76. Mr. Crosse called the meeting to order and then gave a short talk on the plans for the future. It was decided not to give a large play this term, but instead to take part in a pageant in which the whole school will participate. At one of the three open meetings to be held this term, a play entitled "No Girls Admitted" will be given by the freshmen. This will probably take place in November and plans have been made for a later play in which only Seniors who have never taken part in a Thalian play will portray the characters. A third play will be given in which any member of the Thalians may have a part.

Besides these three plays, the Thalians also hope to have several prominent men and women to speak to them. Any one who had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Judd last term will look forward with pleasure to these talks.

At 3:25, Estelle Riordan, vice-president, took charge of the meeting. Fred Frost was then unanimously elected president, Estelle Riordan was re-elected vice-president, and Ruth Crogan was elected secretary. Mr. Crosse will continue in the capacity of treasurer. Margaret Durand was chosen custodian, and the members of the executive committee are Kathryn Elkins and Charles Bradley, with the officers. With such a fine group of officers the Thalians should find this term one of the most successful since the organization of the society.

Auditorium

NEWARK DAY, 1920.

The day before General Election Day has, for a number of years, been designated as Newark Day and observed as such by the pupils in the schools of Newark.

This year, an appropriate program was prepared for the auditorium exercises by the members of the civics classes. Introductory remarks by Morris Fleischman stated that citizens of Newark should recall at this time that Newark celebrated in 1916 the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding and that now another opportunity is at hand to appreciate Newark's progress in her varied activities.

"Newark's Agreement" was the subject discussed by Fred Breithut. The agreement drawn up by the first settlers of Newark was headed by four quotations from the Scriptures which urged that the pioneers choose their leaders from their midst rather than from other localities. The next number was a recitation by Catherine Moora, "Newark's Morning Song." The poem described the many factory whistles heard at the beginning of the working day as notes from a great steam calliope. Virginia Mitchell, in "Visions of 1916," gave a forecast of Newark's increasing prosperity, which will come only as a result of cheerful co-operation on a large scale.

The civics classes show promise of fine work, and every one hopes that they will be heard from soon again.

Newark should be the desire of the youth of the city. The school children and adults also should know the part Newark has taken in the Revolution, the Civil War, and the late World War, as well as the progress in industry and other lines. Newark is soon to have all the most historic points marked, as the citizens of the Bay State have marked Concord and Lexington. Our city may also well be proud of the fact that it stands in the front rank with regard to its educational system.

The second number on the program was a song, "To Thee, O Country," by the Apollo Quartette, after which the next speaker, Hon. Charles P. Gillen, Mayor of Newark, was introduced. Mayor Gillen expressed the well-known sentiment that it is a splendid idea for such a group of men to spend the time and bear the expense in order that such memorials may be erected.

The present tablet to be placed is indeed commemorative of a remarkable advance in New-

October 29. The result of the election was as follows: President, Anna Johnston; vice-president, Jean Muchmore; Recording Secretary, Annie Dillingham; Corresponding Secretary, Theodora Scrivener; Treasurer, Louise Jewett.

THE SCHOOLMEN'S CLUB.

For several years past, the Schoolmen's Club has on Newark Day held exercises for the dedication of tablets commemorative of the various parts Newark has taken in history, both local and national. This year, 1920, the Club, with the assistance of the Newark public school children, is to erect a tablet in Barringer High School commemorating the establishment of the first public high school of Newark.

The exercises were held on Newark Day, Monday, November first, in the auditorium of Barringer. Representatives from many of the other schools were present. The program began with the singing of "America" by the audience. Mr. Frank H. Hanson, President of the Schoolmen's Club, then delivered an introductory address in which he expressed the fact that to know and look with pleasure on the memorials erected in

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE.

The reorganization meeting of the Girls' League, held on Wednesday, October 20th, was one of an unusual nature. Of course, reorganization brings up the question of officers. There were fifteen girls nominated by the nominating committee, for the various offices of the League. These fifteen girls sat on the platform, in order that the girls of the younger classes might see and know the girls for whom they voted. Each girl had a campaign speaker to tell about her ability and characteristics. After the speeches for each group of candidates the girls sang the League songs.

The election of officers was held on Friday,

ark's educational history. The first high school, established in 1838, filled a long-felt need. Before that time, students who desired higher training had to attend academies. From that point, Newark has expanded until there are four regular high schools, several junior high schools, and a junior college with a two years' course.

Following Mayor Gillen's speech, the Apollo Quartette sang "Land of Mine." The next number on the program was an address by Mr. Wayland E. Stearns, the Principal of Barringer. Mr. Stearns gave a brief history of Newark's high schools, which also contained some points worthy to be deeply pondered. In 1838, the Common Council established ward schools and a high school for boys; girls were excluded because it was believed that they should not have too much education. Nowadays, one might think that such advantages were to be fully appreciated. In 1852, the high school moved to a building of its own, where it stayed until Barringer was built in 1899. For many years before 1899, the boys and girls had been kept separate in two distinct departments. The boys and girls of the present day may well be glad that they do not have to pass a rigid examination before entrance.

The program was concluded by the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

CLASS NOTES

CHATTIN

3A CLASS.

The Class of Jan., '22, held a meeting in Room 91 on October 11, 1920. The President, Harlan S. De Voe, called the members to order at 3:10. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted.

The Social Committee reported that a dance was planned for Friday, October 29. On October 27, the dance was postponed until November 3, on account of the football game between Barringer and Montclair.

At two special meetings, the class decided upon the designs for the class rings and pins, and individual members gave their orders to a representative of the manufacturer of the rings and pins.

2A CLASS.

By the next issue of THE ACROPOLIS the 2A Class will have been organized and will have officers who will begin the term's work with a will. This class was organized last term and took up the support of a French orphan. She will enjoy any letters (written in French) which

member of the 2A Class may send her. Her address is as follows: Germaine Odie, 11 Place des fetes, Clichy (Seine), France.

When the work begins, every member must be present, and on time, for the meetings. The 2A pupils in forty-one have a small paper which is edited by them and passed around the room Every 2 A classroom should be able to publish such a paper and have room spirit; but never forget to hold dear the class spirit.

GLEE CLUBS.

The Glee Clubs are planning for big things this year.

Most pupils want a voice in the school organizations.

Why not have your voice in the Glee Clubs?

Some of you must have talent.

There are not enough out for the Glee Clubs to assure the greatest success this year.

They are going to do two things:

First: They are going to give an operetta, and hope to have a large crowd of Barringer pupils to hear them.

Second: They are going to enter the contest of the high schools of Essex County, and they are going to win.

Come out and help them.

Join the Glee Clubs and learn to sing.

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

On Thursday, October 14, the Science Club held its first regular monthly meeting of the term. Mr. Noll acted as chairman.

An election of officers was held and the following were elected:

President—Edward Stevens.

Vice-President—Raymond Ryerson.

Secretary—Miss Ethel Maier.

Chairman of Program Committee—Miss Irene Ramsey.

Chairman of Membership Committee—Miss Mildred Cohen.

The meetings of this club will be held on the second Tuesday of each month.

RADIO CLUB.

President—John Ruchelshaus.

Secretary—John Del Pomo.

The Radio Club plans to have a demonstration of the wireless telephone at the next monthly meeting. Every one surely has heard of this new invention, but how many have seen a demonstration of it? Do not miss this opportunity that the Radio Club offers to you.

All members of the Science Club are eligible for membership in the Radio Club Branch of the Science Club.

THE BIRD CLUB

The regular monthly meeting of the Bird Club was held in Room 91 on Thursday, October 14.

The members of the club decided to keep a record of the winter-migrants from the North, and to join the Audubon Society.

Mr. Haulenbeek gave an interesting talk on "Our Different Sparrows." This was followed by Joseph Mears' talk on "Birds in General."

The meeting adjourned at 3:45 P. M.

Nov. 9, 1920.

Dear Mr. Hart:

This morning between classes one of the Campus Board showed me your letter. It surely was a great pleasure to play on the team that beat Colgate. When we started out this season, we took for our slogan, "Beat Colgate," and we reached our great ambition. I suppose that you and Mr. Stearns have noticed that our record hasn't been as good as it might have been, but now that our captain, "Bunny" Harris, is back with us, we are confident of winning the remainder of our games. When the Colgate game came along, the team seemed to take on new life, and exhibited the same kind of football which it displayed against Cornell when we held them to a score of 13—6. Believe me, it was about as thrilling as the Barringer-E. O. game in 1917, when we won in the last two minutes. You can imagine my surprise and joy, when I saw Johnny Rathbone. It was after we had made our second touchdown. I was getting some dirt ready to kick off, and I had to get it from Colgate's 40-yard line. As I was walking back to our own 40-yard line, I heard some one say, "Hello, Hummel." I turned around and was looking Johnny in the face. We exchange greetings in low tones and then I had to go kick off. I was so happy to see him that I felt like kissing him right there on the field, though he had on a maroon jersey. After the game I had a better chance to talk with him. Dan Ecker is also at Colgate, but didn't make the team, much to my surprise. I *know* he is better than any man they had in their line last Saturday, but I guess he hasn't proved it yet. We had a wonderful celebration. Snake dances, etc., lasted all night long. Give my best regards to Mr. Stearns. See you at Christmas, along with Johnny.

As ever,

Dave Hummel.

PERSONALS

It is the fixed policy of THE ACROPOLIS to print nothing that will hurt the feelings or reflect upon the reputation of any one. The Editor and the Faculty Adviser are, therefore, surprised and pained to learn that exception has been taken to one of the personals in the October number of THE ACROPOLIS. The aggrieved member of the school is assured that no unkind insinuation was intended, and that the "personal" in question was regarded as complimentary rather than otherwise.—Editor's Note.

The "Toronto Patriot" says that a young man of this city, a drummer, is to run a match against time. A drummer should be able to *beat time*.

Teacher—I wish you would pay a little attention.

Gansler—Well, sir, I am paying as little as I can.

Mr. Dumm—What's the difference between oxygen and hydrogen?

Student—Oxygen is pure and hydrogen is gin and water.

Clergyman—I've lost my portmanteau.
Traveler—I pity your grief.
Clergyman—All my sermons are in it.
Traveler—I pity the thief.

ESSAY ON MAN.

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, tame, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never.

"Marry me, and you will have seen the end of all your troubles."

"Which end, sir?"

Little drops of acid,
Little drops of zinc,
Put into a test tube,
Make an awful——?—experiment!

(Ask Mr. Dumm.)

Gert Doyle—May lost an umbrella with a crooked handle.

Anna Johnston—Maybe that's why it disappeared.

Bauchelle—I want my hair cut college-boy style.

Barber—You mean you want Yale locks.

Van—Miss Darnell, do you know I'm a writer?

Miss D—What did you ever write?

Van—I wrote Annie Laurie, but she never answered me.

SAGE ADVICE.

Do your Christmas shopping early.
Get your football ticket now.
With the price of milk ascending,
Save your coin and buy a cow!

NOT HIS ROUTE.

The fog was dense and the boat had stopped, when the old lady asked the captain why he didn't go on.

"Can't see up the river, ma'am."

"But, Captain," she persisted, "I can see the stars overhead."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "but until the boilers bust, we ain't goin' that way."

"Why, Pop," said the 1B, "why do words have roots?"

"I suppose, my son," answered the weary parent, "so that the language can grow."

Young Man (to his prospective landlady)—My good lady, the last place I stayed at the landlady wept when I left.

Landlady—Oh, she did, did she? Well, I ain't going to. I wants my money in advance.

I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less.

Mary Cairns (in grocery store)—I'd like to get some birdseed.

Young Clerk (from country)—You can't josh me. Birds grow from eggs, not seeds.

THE BALD TRUTH.

Young Man (trying to be friendly with his lady love's young sister)—Clara, don't you want me to play with you?

"Oh, no," she said, "we're playing Indian, and you're no use 'cause you're scalped already."

Miss Muchmore (explaining French negative)—There are some places where "pas" is not necessary.

A great body of students stood at the corner of Clifton and Park Avenues. Every eye was looking steadily, earnestly in one direction.

"At a wonderful orator?"

"No!"

"At an aeroplane?"

"No!"

"At what?"

"At the place where the Clifton should come from!"

Gansler—I was seventeen on the second of April.

Vogel—A day late, as usual.

He (sadly)—Your refusal to marry me will make me a different man.

She (hopefully)—Well, then you might come around and see me again some time.

Maggy—How does your new fur suit you?

Margaret—Oh, I'm all wrapped up in it.

Townley—I should think you would lose your fob when it's hanging in plain sight that way.

Metcalfe—Well, you see, I always keep a watch on it.

SIGN SEEN IN A LIBRARY.

"Only Low Talk Permitted Here."

CHESS-NUT.

She—Why does it take so long to play chess?

He—Well, you see, it always takes four knights to complete a single game.

Excited Wife (at telephone)—I want my husband, please, at once.

Telephone Girl—Number, please?

Wife—How many do you think I've got.

Francis K—I dread to fight the duel of life alone, when I get out of school.

Mezger—Then let me be your second.

Munn—Do you remember borrowing five dollars from me, some time ago?

Thum—Yes.

Ted—But you said you wanted it only for a short time.

Thum—I did. Why, I didn't keep it five minutes.

Pallant—Well, Chief, what do you think of the swelling on the back of my neck?

Chief—I don't like the look of it. My advice to you is to keep your eye on it.

Mr. Stearns (explaining advantages of Normal School to Anne Bishop)—What did you think Normal School was?

Anne—I thought it was a school to teach ignorant teachers.

Mr. McArthur—See here, Hamilton, when I was a boy I never bothered my father with questions, the way you do.

Ham—Maybe, if you had, Pa, you'd be able to answer questions.

Mr. Dumm—Why is water good to put a fire out?

Handelman—Because it wets the fire.

Mr. Saylor—What is it that has to have air the same as you?

Dill—A tire.

Bevo—Yo, Stevens, why so busy?

Steve—I'm trying to figure out the horsepower of a donkey engine.

During the third quarter of a football game, Stevens and Miss Reynolds just entered.

Steve (to Bevo)—What's the score?

Bevo—Nothing-nothing.

Miss Reynolds—Fine, we haven't missed a thing!

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge.

"An' sure, now," said Pat, "what are you put there for but to find that out?"

"Have you any loose change this morning?"

"No, in deed; money is tight."

Jean—I broke a record the other day.
Warren—What'd you break?
Jean—"You'd Be Surprised."

Mr. Johnson—If there were four flies on the table and I killed one, how many would be left?
Bright 1B—One—the dead one.

CLIFTON TRACKS.

One fine day I stood aghast
To see a Clifton car go fast!
It was a wonder, but you must know
That only a "Special" so fast could go.

HEARD IN THE CORRIDOR.

1st 1B—Bet you don't know how they got the name Barringer.
2nd 1B—How?
1st 1B—Well, they took "Barr" from Mr. Barr, "ing" from Mr. King, and "er" from Mr. Mezger.

It's the steam, not the freight, that makes the cargo.

4A—Howdy, Pistachio.
1B—Whadymean, Pistachio?
4A—A little green nut.

IT DID.

"Ever have any money left you?"
"Yes, and it left me quick."

Lester—Why do you call your friend Postscript?
Ayres—Because her name is Adeline Moore.

Professor—What were you doing in the cafe so long?
Student—Why, I was only in there for a second.
Professor—Judging from personal experience, I would say you were in there long enough for three or four.

Little Boy—What's that up there, mama?
Mama—That's heaven, my son.
Little Boy—Does it take long to get there?
Mama—You can't tell, but people often go to the other place in one evening.

Polland—Why, hello, Colyer. I never expected to see you here. Why, what brought you to town.
Clark—Oh! I needed a change.
Addie—Don't they have any clothing stores in your home town.

HEARD AT GAME.

1B—What is that yell?
2A—Why, that's the locomotive?
1B—I thought that was for the track team.

Stewart—My mind is my memorandum.
Teacher—Oh, I see. Sort of a blank book.

Mr. Stearns—My boy, the lives of lazy men are not recorded in history or literature, for the benefit of future generations.
Van Poznak—How about Rip Van Winkle?

Mr. Barr—Does Bevonetto's work show any originality?
Frost—I should say so. Why, he designed a cover for the Thanksgiving number of THE ACROPOLIS which had absolutely nothing to do with Thanksgiving.

Mr. King—The ancients considered the liver the seat of affection. What is the seat now?
Bright Stude—The knee.

FAMOUS CLASSROOM PESTS.

The sniffer.
The fellow who leans on your desk when you are trying to write.
The fellow who is sure he knows it all and invariably flunks cold.
The late arrival who falls over your feet.
The boob who always wants to know what the teacher said a minute previous, when you are trying to find out what he is saying at the moment.
The fellow who forgets to bring his book.
The teacher who lectures.
The worst of all—the saphead who always tells the teacher that so and so is in school when he is not in the classroom.
The guy who reminds the teacher that he has not given homework.

MacArthur—What time have you got?
Van—Five o'clock.
Mac—But my watch said six.
Van—But mine must be right. I looked at it three times, and it said five each time.

Richguy—What's your idea of a good girl to take to a dance.
Hardup—Well, she must dislike flowers; be afraid to sleep at all; have a car for her own use; and be just too excited to eat.

The fellow who puts everything off until the last minute will have an awful time on his deathbed.

Perhaps some may think
That this really is
A poem or a puzzle.
But we merely want to
See who would be
Foolish enough to read
It, and we find out that
You are!!!

1B—Science show that a man can live on Limburger cheese alone.

Her Father—Well, if he's going to live on that stuff, he ought to be kept alone.

Miss North (when Kelly failed to appear)—Has anybody here seen——? (and the rest was lost in the roar).

Stockman—I never saw a girl that could hit anything she threw at.

Chadsy—Well, you never saw my girl throw a hint.

The Mrs. never misses
Any bargain sale.
For the female of the species
Is more thrifty than the male

Clever—Did you know that our athletes are like children around a Victrola?

Stupid—No, I never did.

Clever—Well, they are, 'cause they usually break all records.

THE DIFFERENCE.

When a young man is mentioned, the 1B girl says—How much does he know?

The 2B says—Can he dance?

The 3B says—Who is he?

The 4B says—Where is he?

Perry—I've been thinking of just nothing all day.

De Voe—Oh, take your mind off yourself.

History Prof—What was the Bastile?

Stude—I don't know.

Prof—It's the historical prison of Paris. I was there once.

He—Do you think it possible for a man to love two women at once?

She—Yes, twenty at once, if they were all like you.

HEARD IN THE LUNCH-ROOM.

Pupil—What is this?

Waitress—It's bean soup.

Pupil—I don't care what it has been; I want to know what it is now.

He (watching the new fullback)—He'll soon be our best man.

She—Oh, Jack! This is so sudden!

Now that Prohibition looks as if it would stay in effect, the new national anthem should be, "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes."

Man is a sort of tree which we are too apt to judge by the bark.

Miller—Did you tell Berry that I was a fool?

Stockman—No, I thought he knew it.

A man in great pain rushed up to the Doctor's door one night very late and rang the bell. The Doctor poked his head out of the window and said, "Well?"

Sick Man—No, sick.

BLUE MONDAY.

Teacher's cranky, pupils few,
Questions flying, zeros, too.
What's the matter? Don't you know?
Monday morning's always so.

Frances Clark—Why do they always cheer when a player gets hurt?

Addie Polland—So the girls can't hear him groan.

Oily to bed
And oily to rise
Is the fate of a man
When a "Henry" he buys.

CONGIETON
ROTUNDA
MAGNO
INGLIS
MANSER

MACCLELLAND
JACKSON
SAUL
FANNAN
STICKLE
RILEY
BARNEY

HACKETT
EBLE
BARRA
MCKENNA

Mrs. Eitel—Fred, if you eat any more, you'll burst.

Fred—All right, ma; pass the pie and get out of the way.

"You're a very careful driver."

"Yes, when I learned to drive, there were always three women in the back seat telling me what to do."

"I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live."

"Been refused again?"

"No—accepted."

ATHLETICS.

Barringer Beats Lawrenceville

POLAND BOOTS A 35-YARD PLACEMENT.

Lawrenceville School, that far-famed prep. school from over Princeton way, had to lower her colors to Barringer in a hard-fought contest, for the first time in eight years.

Barringer is the only high school which Lawrenceville has ever consented to play, and consequently Barringer is the only high school that has ever defeated the prepsters. For years Barringer has held Lawrenceville to one, two, or even three touchdowns, and considered it good work. When Barringer held Lawrenceville to a 7—7 tie in 1918, Barringer had one of the strongest teams in its history. Last year we took a 7 to 0 licking, and then proceeded to batter through high school teams until we were declared State champions. So it's quite an achievement to beat Lawrenceville, who always puts up a clean, hard game. Poland booted one of the neatest placement kicks ever seen in these parts. From a very difficult angle and thirty-five yards, which had to be judged accurately, Poland calmly dropped back and the team supported him admirably. Thum learned his lesson in the Phillipsburg game —and his passing was excellent throughout. Van Poznak ran the team in fine style and Woerner punted that ball like a collegian. Ayres and Tartasky played a steady game, and "McArter" showed lots of power at halfback. A large part of the game was played in the prep. school territory, something which the score does not show. It was the time-worn story—the team that fought the hardest got all the breaks, and for once a Barringer team fought like madmen and the Blue and White took advantage of every break that came their way. Remember how that Central game ended? Barringer advancing, ready to score again, only to be stopped by the timer's whistle? Well, Barringer displayed at Lawrenceville that same fighting determination which characterized the last few minutes of the Central game. In other words, Barringer began where she left off.

In the first quarter both teams kept feeling for each other's weak spots. On an exchange of punts, for we were playing a kicking defensive game, Barringer gained considerably, until we had the pigskin on Lawrenceville's one-yard line, only to be held for downs. Right there should have come one solid punch and it would have been over. Barringer was too bewildered, and only Lawrenceville realized the situation, and fought tooth and nail for every inch. At the very beginning of the second period Poland proved that he is a dangerous man in the kicking game, even on the thirty-five-yard line, by booting the ball for Barringer's three paints.

The scond half was marred by many fumbles,

and a blocked kick by a Barringer man almost gave Barringer another touchdown. In the third period Lawrenceville attempted a drop kick, which went wide. MacArthur caught the ball and was thrown behind our goal line for a safety.

The score by periods:

Barringer	0	3	0	0—3
Lawrenceville	0	0	0	2—2

Barringer.		Lawrenceville.
Ayres	l. e.	Weicher
Poland	l. t.	Brown
Thobieson	l. g.	Maxwell
Thum	c.	Gillespie
Woerner	r. g.	Kendall
Olwine	r. t.	Lott
Stevens	r. e.	Jones
Van Poznak	qb.	Childs
McArthur	l. hb.	Hoover
Lester	r. hb.	Ryan
Byrne	fb.	Hyman

Substitutions: Lawrenceville—Watson for Jones, Mitchell for Hyman, Trauter for Weicher, Weicher for Maxwell, Maxwell for Brown, Weser for Mitchell, Miner for Maxwell; Barringer—Tartasky for Stevens, Stevens for Tartasky, Haney for Stevens, Eitel for Woerner, Dobbins for Olwine. Referee—Scott, Michigan. Umpire—Therber of Haverford. Head linesman and timer—Longstreth. Time of periods—12 minutes.

Barringer 6, Philipsburg 6

In a no-decision football argument, in which two bitter rivals vied for honors, Barringer and Phillipsburg each accumulated six points, and both elevens left the City Field well aware of the fact that there had been a football scrap. So far as the actual playing ability of both teams goes, fumbling was very noticeable in the ranks of both elevens. Barringer completely outplayed the visitors in the first half—but in the second spasm—well, let's not talk of that now; let's get to the game.

After the initial kick-off, Phillipsburg attempted to break up our line, but met with stone-wall resistance, and Quarterback Lair elected to kick. Barringer received the ball and fumbled on Phillipsburg's forty-yard line, and then fought like a band of Irishmen seeing orange on St. Patrick's Day—but the Blue and White recovered the ball when their opponents also were attacked with that fumbling malady. Barringer kicked after a few plays were not as successful as they should be. The ball was excellently placed and sailed over the heads of the entire Phillipsburg team and rolled to their five-yard line. Phillipsburg fumbled when they tried to rush the leather, and Barringer recovered on their seven-yard line, just as the quarter ended.

Upon the opening play of the second quarter, Avallone took it over. Lady Fortune frowned considerably, and Poland missed the goal after touchdown, for we know now what would have happened had Capt. Berry of Phillipsburg kicked the ball between the uprights when Phillipsburg scored in the second half. The score would not have been 6—6, but 7—6 in Phillipsburg's favor. Then, again, if Addy had kicked the goal as consistently as he has been kicking, the score might have read 7—6 with Barringer a victor. However, let us return to the game and not talk mere supposition. The half ended with the ball in our possession on Phillipsburg's eighteen-yard line.

The second half started with a zip and a bang. Poland kicked off, and the ball whizzed low and diagonally across the field, landing somewhere in the vicinity of the Phillipsburg twenty-yard line. That was the zip mentioned above. Now for the bang! The ball rolled to the feet of McDermott, near the corner of the field. He played around with the pigskin until it reached his own five-yard line. Here he snatched up the ball and started tearing down the field. While he had been waiting for an opportunity to pick up the ball, all except one blue-jerseyed player had run into the corner where the ball was rolling. McDermott eluded all of our men, who were near enough to tackle him, and ran down towards our goal line with no one but Van Poznak in front of him. He ran straight for Van—then suddenly swerved out and Van, who had been "sucked" in to make his dive, was also out of danger. McDermot then had no trouble at all in placing the ball beyond our goal line—heretofore uncrossed. Madame Fortune smiled upon the Blue and White when Capt. Berry failed to kick the goal. The Score—Barringer 6, Phillipsburg 6. In this third quarter, Phillipsburg had another great opportunity to score, when a successful forward pass—McDermott to Sargent—netted about forty yards. Then, on our ten-yard line, Barringer held tight and that danger was past.

In the fourth stanza, Phillipsburg received the ball in midfield when McArthur fumbled. However, we rushed the ball when we received it again and when we had worked it down where Addy could kick a placement, Addy was called back for a placement, but the center passed a low one very fast and McArthur, who was unable to get the pill down fast enough, was tackled. Phillipsburg then started an aerial attack that spelled defeat for Barringer in capital letters. However, when the ball reached our fifteen-yard line, Father Time or some such dignitary interfered and here it was that the game ended.

Score by periods:

Phillipsburg	0	0	0	6—6
Barringer	0	6	0	0—6

Phillipsburg.		Barringer.
Ribble	l. e.	Ayres
Rheinhardt	l. t.	Poland (Capt.)
Beers	l. g.	Eitel
Downs	c.	Thum
Knauss	r. g.	Thobieson
Free	r. t.	Olwine
Berry (Capt.)	r. e.	Stevens
Lair	qb.	Van Poznak
Kinnaman	l. hb.	Byrnes
Stubbleman	r. hb.	Lester
McDermott	fb.	Avallone

Substitutions: Phillipsburg—Sargent for Lair, Lair for Ribble, Ribble for Lair, Mickel for Beers; Barringer—McArthur for Van Poznak, Tartasky for Stevens, Dobbins for Thobieson, Thobieson for Dobbins. Touchdowns—Avallone, McDermott. Referee—E. J. Madden, Yale University. Umpire—J. Hall, Seton Hall College. Head linesman and timer—R. Beck, Gettysburg College.

CENTRAL WINS DECISION OVER BARRINGER 13—7.

A Central team has at last turned the trick of defeating Barringer on the gridiron. To Coach Charlie Schneider, a former Barringer athlete himself, goes the honor of putting a Central team on the field that lowered the Barringer Blue and White. Even the final score does not tell the tale of the battle, and only those who were fortunate enough to be within the walls of City Field know how that Barringer team suddenly found itself. How that team of backfield men twisted, squirmed and wriggled itself to a touchdown; how that team banged, crashed, and battered everything in sight until within scoring distance of another touchdown—and then that timer's whistle blew, and Central had 13 points, while Barringer could show but 7. Central came within an ace of being beaten in that final quarter, but the Barringer rally was started a little too late in the game. Central also accepted every encouraging break and received those only because she fought the harder of the two. Fumbles marred the game a great many times—in fact, a fumble, then a quick recovery by Helbig, resulted in the first touchdown of the game for Central. In this same period, with the score 7—0 in Central's favor, Barringer worked the ball down to Central's five-yard line. Due to a penalty, it was Barringer's ball on Central's two-yard line, and then a most unfortunate fumble, recovered by Central, ended the half after Central had kicked out of danger.

The second half found the Barringer boys still loafing on the job, in spite of the fact that the score still stood 7—0 against them. A split play known as the "D" formation led to Central's second touchdown in the third period. Helbig missed the goal. Score: Central 13, Barringer 0.

Coach Pritchard rushed Van Poznak into the game to bark signals instead of McArthur, who was shifted into a halfback position. The team then took on a different aspect, and, in the words of Hon. "Pop" Stearns, "They looked like a regular football team." Van's choice of plays was very good, and his right end run in the last period, under perfect interference, earned a touchdown for Barringer. Poland kicked the goal. Score: Central 13, Barringer 7. Another touchdown and we could even up the score, and a goal after touchdown would win. Another successful march was launched and again it looked exceedingly bright for Barringer. The noise and excitement which prevailed sent the teams fighting savagely for every inch. However, the screech of the timer's whistle sounded above the din, and the chance of defeating Central went a-glimmering.

Score by periods:

Barringer	0	0	0	7— 7
Central	0	7	6	0—13

Line-up:

Barringer.		Central.
Ayres	l. e.	Batelli
Poland (Capt.)	l. t.	Smullen (Capt.)
Thobieson	l. g.	Hodgens
Thum	c.	Greske
Eitel	r. g.	Torman
Olwine	r. t.	Bauman
Tartasky	r. e.	Kaplan
McArthur	qb.	Zwigard
Byrne	l. hb.	Guarino
Lester	r. hb.	Woerner
Avallone	fb.	Helbig

Touchdowns—Helbig, Burnett, Van Poznak. Goals after touchdown—Helbig, Poland. Referee—Garrison, Wesleyan. Head linesman—Rose, Temple University. Substitutions: Central—Burnett for Zwingard, Krueger for Botteli, De Deo for Guarino, Lustig for Bauman; Barringer—Van Poznak for Byrne.

BARRINGER BUMPS MONTCLAIR.

The Blue and White eleven, continuing its remarkable come-back after the Central defeat, handed the Montclair boys a defeat in its first N. J. I. A. A. contest. While not belittling Montclair, the score of 10—0 hardly shows the difference between the two teams. Barringer did all her scoring in the first quarter. Capt. Poland kicked off for the Blue to Montclair's ten-yard line. The mountain team, finding our line invulnerable, kicked to midfield. On the second play, "Al" Byrne tore around left end for a thirty-yard gain. Barringer gained a few yards through the line, but a fifteen-yard penalty took away our chance to score. Woerner booted the ball and the Montclair team returned the kick.

Here Byrne duplicated his initial performance by circling left end again for forty yards. On the last down Van Poznak managed to worm his way over the last chalk mark for the Blue's first score. Capt. Poland added the one-pointer, making the score Barringer 7, Montclair 0. Poland kicked off to Montclair's twenty-yard line. On the first play Montclair fumbled and Tartarsky fell on the ball. After two unsuccessful hacks at the mountain team's line, Capt. Poland dropped back to the 35-yard line and kicked a pretty goal from placement. Barringer again kicked off. Montclair kicked to midfield. The Blue and White worked a 30-yard forward pass, Lester to Ayres. Just then the half ended.

The second half resolved itself into a kicking duel between Woerner of Barringer and Rossen of Montclair, with the latter having the better of it. The Montclair players found it impossible to gain through our line, and so they had to kick whenever they got the ball. Barringer in the last period worked a forward but a fumble killed the chance to score. Rossen of Montclair kicked to midfield, where the whistle blew announcing the end of the game. Olwine, Poland, and Byrne starred for Barringer. Rossen gained best for Montclair.

Barringer.		Montclair.
Ayres	l. e.	Glasby
Pooland	l. t.	Bedford
Thobieson	l. g.	Berrien
Thum	c.	Baptiste
Woerner	r. g.	Lutz
Olwine	r. t.	Moeller
Tartasky	r. e.	Morton
Van Poznak	qb.	Roll
MacArthur	r. hb.	Rossen
Byrne	l. hb.	Frutchy
Lester	fb.	Baldwin

Score by periods:

	1	2	3	3	
B. H. S.	10	0	0	0	—10
M. H. S.	0	0	0	0	— 0

Substitutions—Barringer: Dobbins for Olwine, Avallone for Van Poznak; Montclair: Cozzens for Roll, McCoy for Bedford, Bliss for Baldwin, Hall for Frutchy. Officials: Referee—Garrison, Wesleyan; Umpire—Madden, Yale; Linesman—Coll, Seton Hall.

In the third quarter the eleven Blue and White men, with their backs to the wall, and the ball on our ten-yard line—that famous expression of the French came into the minds of our cohorts, "They shall not pass"—and what a fight ensued—but they did not pass, or the score might have read 12 or 13 to 6 in Phillipsburg's favor. There's fight in those lads, but let's see more of it!

That Phillipsburg tussle was the first real encounter our team has struck so far this season. We still have a few more like that, boys! But they're not "gonna" be so undecisive, they're going to be decisive wins—for Barringer.

Dame Fortune certainly smiled and frowned on us in that Phillipsburg game.

Three points went bad when we were lined up in front of Phillipsburg's goal, and Poland was sent back to kick a goal from placement. Everything worked fine, until our center sent the ball whizzing by like a meteor, and Poland had enough to do to prevent the Phillipsburgers from taking possession of the ball—let alone kicking it for three points.

Phillipsburg sure did forward pass us to death in that last few minutes of play!

The boys, remembering Miss Darnell's song, entitled, "Keep the ball a-rolling"—did just that. Some poor handling of the ball resulted, and the ball was seen rolling around the field more than it was in play. "How about that popular song entitled 'Hold me'?" says the pigskin.

Well, at last Central took Barringer into camp. Fair exchange, though, and it's no more than fair. For didn't we take their track honors last season? Then again we might say that it took a former Barringer football player to turn the trick for the High Street institution. Congratulations, Charlie!

The cheering was excellent at the Central game. Keep it up, fellow studes! Save lots of "pep" for E. O.

As Mr. Stearns remarked, "Only in the last few minutes of play did those blue-jersied players act like a regular football team."

The team has shown that it can fight! But why wait until you're fighting uphill to display that necessary quality? Start right in on the first kickoff and continue to the last whistle. Might as well get used to it now, if East Orange is to be conquered in 1920.

Van Poznack showed excellent ability, both in rushing the ball and in the choosing of plays, in the Central tilt. His end runs were a feature.

This present representative Barringer team can be proud of one achievement, anyhow! Conquering Lawrenceville is no mean trick. For the first time in the history of the Barringer and Lawrenceville athletic relations, Barringer has emerged a victor in a football contest.

Barringer Songs and Cheers

ALMA MATER SONG.

Words by JUNIUS W. STEVENS.
Tune: Lauriger Horatius.

Over many a city old,
  Famed in song and story,
Temple grey and castle old
  Catch the sunset glory.
So our Alma Mater proud
  Looks o'er vale and meadow,
High between the sailing cloud
  And its drifting shadow.

For her colors, first the blue
  Of the April valley;
Then December's wintry hue
  When the storm winds rally.
Newark High, thy fame we raise,
  Many voices blending;
Through the years we pledge thee praise,
  Loyal to life's ending.

Words by FRANKLIN CROSSE.

Tune: Dartmouth.

B-A-R-R-I-N-G-E-R,
Dear Alma Mater, we sing to thee,
Thy fame we'll e'er up hold,
Loyal sons we'll be—to Barringer.
Thy name we'll honor,
To thee be true.
Long wave her banner
Of white and blue.

THE SKYROCKET.

SKYROCKET! (Long sharp whistle.)
Boom! Ah-h-h-h!
Team! Team! Team!

THE AL, AL.

Al, Al, Sabides. Sock it to him, Socrates!
Mithrinite, Shaminate, Peloponnesus, BOOM!
Rah Rah Rah Rah High School!
Newark! Newark! Newark!

THE OLD LOCOMOTIVE.

(Slow at first, gradual increase)
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ray! Ray! Ray!
N-E-W-A-R-K!
Newark, Newark, Newark,
TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!

TOUCHDOWN SONG.

Words by FRANKLIN CROSSE.
Tune: Dartmouth Touchdown Song.

Cheer, all cheer for Barringer,
As the backs go down the field,
For we're all true to Barringer
And her sons will never yield—Rah! Rah! Rah!
Fight, fight, fight for victory
And cheer for every play—
Touchdown, touchdown, Barringer,
The team must win to-day.

Words by WILLIAM LEE, '13.
Tune: Orange and Black.

On the football field or diamond,
Let us 'round our standard throng,
Not a hundred, but a thousand;
Let our ranks be firm and strong.
Then, with mighty song and shouting,
We will urge our comrades true
To repeat the bygone triumphs
Of the dear old white and blue.

When at last the game is over,
Whether fortune smile or frown,
With the same untarnished honor,
We will all our heroes crown.
And we'll sing their praise and glory
Till these halls ring through and through,
"They were true to Alma Mater
And the dear old white and blue."

OLD SHORT YELL.

BARRINGER! Rah! Rah! (Name of Player.)

NEW SHORT YELL.

Yeh! (First name of Player) Yeh! (Last name)
Yeh! (Both names).

NEW LOCOMOTIVE.

B - A - R - R - I - N - G - E - R !
B - A - R - R - I - N - G - E - R !
B-A-R-R-I-N-G-E-R!
Barringer! Barringer!
TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!

WHA WHO! WHO!

Wah! Who! Wah!
Wah! Who! Wah!
B. H. S.! B. H. S.!
BARRINGER!
Wah! Who! Wah!

TRIPLE PLAY.

("Rays" are long, and drawn out.)

Ray!
Ray!
Ray!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ray! Ray! Ray!
TEAM!

PRINCETON YELL.

Urrah! Urrah! Urrah!
Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!
Urrah! Urrah! Urrah!
Barrin*ger!* Barrin*ger!* Barrin*ger!*

RESPONSIVE CHEER.

Leader: "Are We Downhearted?"
Cheering Squad: "Nooooo!"
Leader: "Are we happy?"
Squad: "Yess!"
Leader: "Let the Lions Roar!"
Squad: (Roars).
Leader: "Louder!"
Squad: (Roars louder).
Leader: "Louder still!"
Squad: (Roars loud enough to deafen a siege gun).

There are also other cheers needed at a game, viz.:

Razz Clap.
"We Want a Touchdown."
Three Yehs for player.
"Hold, 'em, Barringer!"
"Rip 'em up, Barringer!"
"Barringer this way!"

"Tell me," said Laura, "what may be
The difference 'twixt a clock and me?"
"Laura," I cried, "love prompts my powers
To do the task you've sent them;
A clock reminds us of the hours,
You cause us to forget them."

"That's a pretty bird, Grandma."
"Yes, and he never cries."
"That's because he's never washed."

A little girl, upon hearing her mother say she was going in half-mourning, inquired if any of their relatives were half-dead.

A Friend—Will you go down to the shoproom and get a plug made for me?

Mr. Johnson—Yes, but what are you going to use it for?

A Friend—Well, you see, my boat leaks, and I want to put this plug in the bottom of the boat. When she fills with water, I can pull the plug and let it run out.

"Ernest," said the teacher, "tell me what you know of the Mongolian race.

"I wasn't there," explained Ernest, hastily. "I went to the ball game."

Dinah had been troubled with a toothache a long time before she got up enough courage to go to the dentist. The moment he touched her tooth she screamed.

"What you making such a noise for? Don't you know that I'm a painless dentist?"

"Well, sah," retorted Dinah, "maybe yo' is painless, but ah isn't."

Mining-stock Promoter—Where can I hide? The police are coming!

Chief Clerk—Get into the card-index case. I defy any one to find anything in there.

Metcalfe—Let's eat.

Townley—Where'll we go?

Bob—Let's eat up the street.

Stanton—No, thanks. Don't care for asphalt. another piece of pie?

Guest—I believe I will—it's so very good.

Small John—Ha! ha! Mother wins. She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself.

May—What insect makes the nearest approach to man?

Dot—The cootie.

A—Do you know anything about light?

B—Sure thing.

A—What, for instance?

B—I know it moves 192,000 miles per second.

A—Oh, you've been studying your gas-meter, too.

Little Girl—Oh, mother, our ashman is the goodest man! He upset a can of ashes and just sat down on the lawn and told God all about it.

"What is the matter with your foot, Bill?"
"Nothing. I'm only giving my shoe a rest."

Lady (interviewing cook)—And what is your name?

Prospective Cook—Mrs. McCarty.

Lady—Do you expect to be called Mrs. McCarty?

Cook—Oh, no, ma'am; not if you have an alarm clock.

Downtown on the right side of Mulberry Street is a sign on a restaurant, "Open all night." Further down the street is a sign on another restaurant, "We never close." Next door, on a Chinese laundry you may see, "Me wakee, too."

Hostess (addressing guest)—Won't you have

EXCHANGE NOTES

FLORENCE TAYLOR, Ch.
MARGARET KOHN
MILDRED GREEN

"THE TORCH."

Your snappy weekly gave us a good half hour of pleasure. There's nothing slow or dry about the paper; it's just filled with school spirit from beginning to end. "Whispering Gallery" is cleverly put together.

"ON BOUNDS," Montclair Academy, Montclair, N. J.

Your magazine has an attractive cover, fine paper and printing, and a neat appearance in general. But we would suggest a little better classification of subjects. Surely your athletic department could be larger.

"SPEED UP," Submarine Boat Corporation—Chicago Marine Show Number.

This is a very beautiful publication. The half-tone cuts are not only of fine quality but also very instructive and interesting. The reading of this paper helps to show what the World War did for the development of our merchant marine.

"CENTRAL HI REVIEW," Xenia, Ohio.

You have a very good weekly paper. It has a pleasing appearance and is well set up. The jokes and personals are very clever.

EXCHANGES.

THE ACROPOLIS acknowledges with pleasure the receipt of the following:

"Oracle," Stetson High, Randolph, Mass.
"Central High Review," Central High, Zenia, Ohio.
"Archive," Northeast High, Philadelphia, Pa.
"On Bounds," Montclair Academy, Montclair, N. J.
"Speed Up," Newark Bay Shipyard.
"Polytechnic," Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.
"Wesleyan Argus," Middletown, Conn.
"Yale Alumni Weekly," New Haven, Conn.
"The Torch," Valparaiso University, Indiana.
"Syracuse Daily Orange," Syracuse, N. Y.

"ARCHIVE," Northeast High School, Philadelphia, Pa.—Vacation Number.

This edition of your paper is excellent. Your literature department is very original and amusing. Although the ideas of most of your cuts are good, the execution of them might be improved. Your joke department is rather long, but everything in it is well worth printing.

GRADUATE

NOTES

ABOUT CORNELL

Nov. 2, 1920

Ithaca, the Switzerland of America! Cornell, the gem of Ithaca!

Prospective students invariably expect of the University of Cornell three salient things: its beautiful scenic surroundings, its splendid courses, and its live-wire activities.

The university town of Ithaca, boasting of 17,000 inhabitants, lies in a picturesque and healthful region, and is fast coming to the fore as a scenic and healthful resort under the well-chosen name of "Finger Lakes Region." And we of Cornell are indeed fortunate to be able to absorb the natural wonders of the country under such ideal circumstances. Within hiking distance of the campus lie numerous lakes, ravines, waterfalls, gorges and glens, a feast for the observant visitor. The region, among other things wonderful, claims Watkins Glen, with its fascinating gorges and its popular retreats. It is famous the world over for its pitcturesqueness. Does the equally picturesque Cayuga Lake need any introduction to the reader? The Lake, on which the famous Cornell crews are wont to row, is over forty-five miles long and four hundred feet deep. Besides bearing an undisputed claim to natural beauty, the Lake has a name for being very dangerous.

For winter sports, the University owns the artificial Beebe Lake, a well-managed body of water used for ice-skating and other sports,, added to which is a toboggan of steel and concrete, costing over six thousand dollars.

Cornell University, in point of curriculum, holds its own against the best colleges of the country. Though it may be that "Cornell is one of the easiest colleges to enter," it is, on the other hand, about the hardest college to stay in. The familiar term of "busted" (applied to "flunkers") is all too prevalent here at Cornell.

The "co-eds" at Cornell number over one thousand. The powers that be are making it rather hard for the registration of women, because of the inability to cope with the rooming situation.

The colleges which rank high here are the Colleges of Mechanical and Civil Engineering, the College of Arts and Sciences, the Law College, the Agricultural College, and the Medical and Veterinary Colleges. The over fifty buildings that comprise the University are quaintly situated on the highest point of Ithaca's hills, 810 feet above sea level. On a fine, clear day, the Quadrangle plain of the campus (which campus, by the way, consists of 1,402 acres, exclusive of 165 acres belonging to New York State) is just the observation "tower" met with in the dreams of poets, for, facing Cayuga's waters, one can view for miles around a wondrous expanse of God's own country, jotted here and there with hamlets and villages, with the sun fancifully shining down upon them to suit the whims of a sky of strolling clouds. The main University buildings flank the "Quadrangle," with the rest of the buildings conveniently near.

The chimes, located in the Library tower (the keys to which are always on sale to unsuspecting freshmen!) are a most inspirational addition to college routine. At 7:45 in the morning the chimes sound reveille, so to speak, and play till 8 a repertoire of hymns and songs. From 12:45 to 1 P. M. another selection of songs is played. The same holds true at 5:45 till 6 P. M. An inspiring feature of the chimes that endears all Barringerites to the Red and White (Cornell's colors, selected in honor of the founder, Ezra Cornell [Carnelian], and the first President, Andrew D. White) is the rendition of the never-to-be-forgotten Alma Mater of B. H. S.

Cornell and competition for its many live-wire organizations are said to be synonymous. The democratic principle of fair play permeates all competitions for Cornellian activities. The activities are many and varied, and offer a wide range of choice.

There is room for the musically bent in the Glee Club and Mandolin Club, which have an enviable reputation among colleges. Also, there are the University Orchestra and Cornell Band, commanding equal commendation.

For those of histrionic talent there are places in the Cornell Masque, open to men only; in the Cornell Dramatic Club, open to both men and women, and in the Cornell Women's Dramatic Club, open only to women of the University. The Masque is noted the country over for its professionally produced musical comedies. The beauty and dancing of the "female" chorus have become a tradition in collegiate dramatic annals. There are many debating clubs also at Cornell, designed to prove of value to students of oratorical and argumentative powers.

The spirit of fraternity among students is manifest at Cornell through over sixty fraternity houses and clubs.

Perhaps the outstanding activity, other than athletics, is that of the editing and managing of the many publications of Cornell. The extremely humorous Cornell Widow, with its cartoons, needs no introduction, I am sure. Surmounting all else in the line of Cornell publications is the Cornell Daily Sun, member of the Associated Press, and published and edited every week-day by a board of student editors. It is considered one of the best college dailies in the country. Other interesting publications are the Cornell Annual, a Senior Class book; the monthly Cornell Era, the weekly Cornell Alumni, and the various magazines published by the several colleges.

Athletics at Cornell are divided into two main heads: Major Sports and Minor Sports. Under Major Sports are included rowing, baseball, football, and track; Minor Sports include basketball, wrestling, soccer, lacrosse, golf, and tennis. This year of 1920 is indeed a banner year for Cornell athletics. Under the careful guidance of Coach Dobie, the 'varsity football team has suffered not one defeat this season, recently beating New Jersey's own Rutgers aggregation to the tune of 24—0. Coach Moakley's track men, who are in line to test their limbs against English Oxford and the like around Christmas, captured the Syracuse meet, and trounced the Harvard harriers recently. Harvard also ruefully attests to our soccer prowess with a score of 2—0. And in the wake of these well-earned victories a newly inspired and congenial student body has sprung up, as against the disgruntled lot that witnessed the defeats of yester-year.

To most of us now entering the University the natural impression is that a freshman at Cornell is sadly imposed upon. Despite the many privations humbly endured by us during this our first year at Cornell, the lot that is ours here is somewhat roseate and acceptable as compared with the lot of those "Frosh" at other Universities of America. When I glanced at the restrictions meted out to entering "frosh" at Cornell, I was agreeably surprised at the lightness and fewness of the prohibitions. Several of the Freshman rules might prove diverting to my fellow Barringerites, et sequintur:

1. No Freshman shall smoke at all on the Campus, nor on Schoellkopf Field (football stadium), except in freshman section. No Freshman shall smoke a numeral pipe in public.
2. Freshmen are not permitted to loiter about the lobby or in front of the Ithaca Hotel.
3. Each and every Freshman shall wear at all times, except Sundays, an official gray cap with small visor and black button, or an official gray toque with black tassel.
4. No Freshman shall be allowed on Campus without coat or cap.
5. No Freshman shall be allowed in first three rows of seats or boxes in any theatre. Freshmen must sit in designated stand for athletic events unless accompanied by lady or parents.
6. No Freshman shall occupy a seat in trolley car when by so doing an upper classman may be obliged to stand.
7. No Freshman shall be allowed to appear in public with goloshes unbuckled.

No Freshman is allowed to walk on Campus grass, or use certain traditional short-cut paths used by upper classmen.

Hazing does not exist at Cornell, but organized rushes are conducted between the "Sophs" and "Frosh" in the fall and spring of the year; the pushball rush in the fall and the "mud rush" in the spring. The "Frosh," by the way, showed their superiority in the pushball rush on Hallowe'en.

However light and few the prohibitions meted out to "Frosh," may it never be said that we Freshmen relish the stigma of "Frosh," for we await with hope the advent of the good times—the Sophomore year.

JOHN MARINARO, B. H. S., '20; Cornell, 24

Do you know that:

Isabel Parker, '20, is at the City Hospital in the Chemical Laboratory?

Mary Jacobus, '20, is working in the Public Library until she goes to Columbia University?

One of our June, '20, class, Constance Jones, is attending the Ballard Secretarial School in New York?

Theresa Walsh is in her last term at Nor-

mal; her sister, Mary, '20, is at the Central School of Hygiene and Physical Education?

Ruth Patrick, '18, graduated from Normal School in June and is now teaching?

Edward Sauer, '19, is among a number of our graduates who attend Stevens?

Sam Gregory, '18, graduated from West Point and is now an officer with the U. S. Army?

Dan Ecker, who recently graduated from Peddie, is now at Colgate?

Burke Boyce is at Harvard?

Eddie Fisher, '19, and Edward King, '20, are at Wesleyan?

Harold Spinning is with Korentze Bros., Bankers, in New York?

Helen Burrows is at the Dearborn-Morgan School in East Orange?

Charles Brewer, '20, is at Princeton?

Herbert Taylor, a former student of Barringer, is in the graduating class at Annapolis?

John Cairns, '20, is attending the Junior College; he expects to enter Princeton next year?

Louise Durand, B. H. S., June, '20, is a freshman at Vassar?

Notice: Dorothy Van Emburgh is in training at the Homœopathic Hospital, not the City Hospital, as was reported in the September issue.

Johnny Walsh, B. H. S., Jan., '20, one of our former football stars, is distinguishing himself as right halfback on the Newark Junior College football team.

Willard Crofut, B. H. S., Jan., '20, is a radio operator on one of the ships of the Morgan Line.

Walter Scott, of the class of June, '20, is studying engineering at Rutgers. "Scotty" is pledged to one of the fraternities, also.

Ethel Hickey, B. H. S., June, '20, is at the Newark Normal School for Physical Education and Hygiene. We have no doubt as to "Hickey's" success in this line.

DeWarren Barnett, of the class of June, '20, is at Columbia.

Lucien Pallant, of the class of June, '20, is studying law at the New Jersey Law School.

Muriel Reiss, Jan., '20, is a freshman at Wellesley.

Joyce Judson, June, '20, and Edith Johnston, Jan., '20, are at Newark Normal School.

"Lou" Kuhnle, Barringer "giant" and noted "pigskin-chaser" of last year's team, is at Hotchkiss.

Dot Hobbs, of the class of June, '20, is at Mt. Ida School in Massachusetts.

Mary Walsh, B. H. S., '20, is attending the Central School of Hygiene and Physical Education in New York City.

They're two for five and four for ten
The ladies can eat them as well as the men.

PRETZELS

They're still two for five and four for a dime
The reason you see this is because the words rhyme.

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Room 87. Evelyn Battin, Richard Graf, Violet Smith.

2B Room 50. Franklin Gilbert, Alice Smith.
Room 56. Vincent Greaves, Frederick Wolpert.
Room 61. Edwin Moore, Ralph Pellechia, John Single, Eleanor Wilsey.
Room 85. Anna Di Giralamo, Mildred Priluker, Margaret Stowey.

1A Room 43. Benjamin Schill.
Room 92. Anna Fieg, Isabel Schneider, Ruth Scott, Winthrop Lenz.
Room 81. Anna Frey, Sarah Jessurun, Louis Kessler, Lucia Sickles, Jennie Weiss, Louis Wisa.
Room 35. Dorothy Powell, Grace Schaeffer.

1B Room 3. Gertrude Klingel, Rebecca Zabarsky.
Room 57. William Brennan, Marcus Harris, Evelyn Wells.
Room 66. Irma Billy, Mildred Huff, Iris Veyer.
Room 75. Doris Meeker.
Room 82. Warren Condit, J. Wheeler Coult, Gilbert Crogan, Elizabeth Grimes, Pauline Phelan, Florence See.
Room 83. Arthur Magill, Edmund May, Florence Seligman, Esther Slade, Harry Stein, Elizabeth Taylor.
Room 86. Alita Kinney, Florence Carr, Eleanor Alir, Harry Sechliter.
Room 95. Clara Rosenstein.

Teacher—Why do pupils always get Burns and Browning confused?

May Van Duyne—If anything Burns, it's Browning, isn't it?

Phil—Why are you walking on your heel?

Dick—To save my sole.

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"E PLURIBUS UNUM."

Continued from Page Eight.

and nearly broke my neck on the floor!"

Mr. Willett, whose nerves were worn almost to a frazzle by his financial difficulties, said, "Well, get a new plan, then!"

"That's right; let me do the brainwork. But then, it needs brains to do brainwork, so you would never be able to!"

. . . . . .

The first of the next month found Mrs. Willett downstairs in Mrs. Lowrie's parlor paying the rent, and Tommy Willett, aged twelve, outside in the hall, with his ear glued to the parlor door and a small gray thing in his hand. He heard Mrs. Lowrie say, "Sit down, Mrs. Willett, so you won't faint and I'll say something about the rent. I'm going to r—" Before she could utter a word, Tommy stealthily but quickly opened the door and let a mouse free. Mrs. Willett, as per schedule, shrieked and yelled, and Mrs. Lowrie, seeing the cause, soon joined in. When quiet was again restored, the shock had been so great for Mrs. Willett that she had to take to her bed and remain there all day. The next day, however, she was wonderfully improved, but she said to her husband, "Henry, I *won't* do that mouse trick again. It's too strenuous."

"Strenuous my eyebrow!"

"Well, it was. And I won't do it again; so there!"

"Well, think of another way, then."

But during the next month neither her prolific brain nor that of her husband could devise any feasible plan to circumvent the rent.

So it was with heavy heart and lagging step that Mrs Willett descended to pay the rent the next month. The business done, she tried to leave hastily, but Mrs. Lowrie's hand detained her. "Sit down, Mrs. Willett, and let us settle once for all this question of the rent. I've been trying for five months running now, but something has always come up to stop us. What I wanted to tell you was that I'm going to r——"

Mrs. Willett groaned audibly.

"Why, what the matter? Are you sick?"

"Oh, no. Just a slight attack of my disease. But go on, get it over with!"

"The rent, you mean? Why, as I've been trying to tell you for five months, I'm going to reduce your rent from $45 to $35!"

Mrs. Willett really fainted this time.

A COMEBACK.

Said a dude to a boy, at a barber's one day,
To make a display of his wit,
"My lad, did you e'er shave a monkey, I pray?
For you seem for nought else to be fit."
"I never did yet," said the boy, "I confess,
Shave a monkey; indeed, no, not I.
It is out of my line; but, sir, nevertheless,
If you please to sit down, I will try."

"THE OLD MARBLE TOP TABLE."

Continued from Page Nine.

—"in this very house," she said, in her charming manner. The morning was enjoyable both to Miss Mary and to Mrs. Wentworth. At twelve Miss Mary left with her new friend's promise to come to chat with her as she expressed it and her promise to join the sewing circle of the church. Following Miss Mary's example, every other member of the sewing circle called on Mrs. Wentworth. And soon Adele was in the midst of a happy group of young people in whose plans Miss Mary was always a gay participant. One of the girls had confided to Adele Miss Mary's trouble. Adele, truly anxious to help her friend, promised to look around all the nooks and corners of the white house and she even promised to dig around the hedge.

Mrs. Wentworth and Adele were busy with their spring house-cleaning, when Adele came across the old marble-top table, which had been placed in the cellar.

"Mother, do you mind if I fix up this old table?". Adele asked. "I know where I can get a fine mahogany top, which will about match the grain of this table, for about a dollar. It's in the loft in the Harrisons' barn."

"No, I don't mind. I had been intending to tell you that you might fix that table up any time you wished, but it has just slipped my mind."

A few days later Adele, armed with hammer, nails, and a mahogany table top, and Fred, the hired man, as she called the Harrisons' gardener next door, and to change that marble table into a piece, as Adele proudly remarked, of real beauty. Fred knew how to remove slabs, and with Adele's help the slab was removed with much patient care.

"What is this?" Adele exclaimed as she snatched up a legal-looking document from what had once been a secret drawer.

"Fred—it's the long-lost receipt!"

Fred looked incredulous.

"Don't you understand? Miss Mary can have her house back. Oh, I'm so glad!"

"What I'm thinking of, Miss, is when you-all leave. The whole village loves you, Miss."

And Adele was happy for Miss Mary's sake and in the consciousness that by making some one else happy she had gained happiness herself.

Eleanor—Why are there so many holes in the basketball baskets?

Kaddie—That's 'cause they shoot at them so much.

IN WHAT RESPECT?

Miss Patrick (referring to a group which was taking the wrong exercise)—They're too dense in that part of the room.

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JERRY.

Continued from Page Seven.

Maine. You are a blessed goose. Of course he's coming. And as for that, why stop at Maine. If his step mother doesn't object, I think he needs a home, and I know we need Jerry."

With that Elizabeth was suddenly seized in two strong arms and a voice, strangely husky, said: "You're a brick, Lispeth! I wondered if perhaps that couldn't be. It will all come out delightfully, with everybody happy ever after."

And it did, and that is why at the end of a long summer of picnics, trips, rowing, swimming, fishing, berrying, and fun in woods and water, there sat on the porch of a log cabin in the Maine pines—four. Four, watching the ever-changing marvel of sunset: Doctor and Mrs. Maresse together; beside them, a beautiful collie, Michael, and Jerry, the boy who discovered in one summer that there are vistas of life of which he had known nothing; and who found new expression for his love of the woods, of nature, of Michael, and of his two ideals, Mrs. Maresse and the Doctor. The Doctor, in whose footsteps he desired above all things to follow, with whom he was going to live this winter, and the next and the next: Jerry Di Giovannia—now Jerry Maresse.

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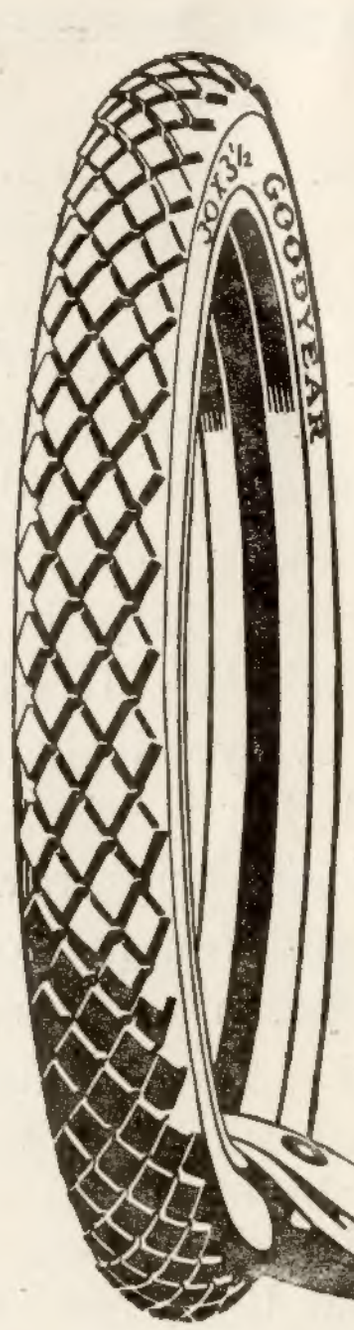

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